

BY FRANK BUCK AND
EDWARD ANTHONY

BRING 'EM
BACK
ALIVE

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IV

WANTED: TWO RHINOS

I WAS in the office of Dr. William T. Hornaday, then Director of the New York Zoological Park. This was back in 1922.

After discussing some lesser assignments, Dr. Hornaday reopened a subject that had been close to his heart for some time. "Isn't there some way we can secure an Indian rhinoceros?" he asked. "You know I've always wanted one."

I appreciated the confidence that this eminent zoologist displayed in me in discussing the possibility of securing one of these rare animals, the great single-horned, armor-plated rhinoceros of India which is now practically extinct in that country.

Dr. Hornaday, with the zeal of the honest-to-goodness zoologist who will not take no for an answer, pressed his point. I did not feel very optimistic about the prospects but I found myself weakening. Dr. Hornaday's faith in me made me feel that I ought to make a strenuous effort to secure for him the prize he sought.

The Indian rhino, as far as India itself is concerned, is virtually a non-existent animal. In former years it ranged all over northern India away up into the United Provinces and as far south as southern Bengal, and it was, in those palmy days, the greatest of all big game known to man. It is the largest, the most awe-inspiring of all rhinos, an Indian bull rhinoceros being much greater in size than the common African variety.

In the little state of Nepal, which in size is the Asiatic equivalent for a country like Montenegro in Europe, the Indian rhino has always been regarded as royal game, no one except the Maharajah and those friends and associates to whom he gave special permission being allowed to hunt it. For this reason the species has survived in Nepal and quite a number of them

are to be found in the southeastern part of the country, which comprises the foothills of the Himalayas.

The more I thought of the project the more it fascinated me, —and the more I was stumped by the problem of Nepal's iron-clad governmental regulations which not only forbade strangers to hunt the Indian rhino but actually did not permit foreigners to enter the country! These were the difficulties that had floored me in the past on those occasions when my ambitions as a collector had betrayed me into visualizing myself as the proud possessor of one of these rare animals that very few hunters, including the greatest, have even seen, much less shot or captured.

It was a diplomatic mission as well as a collecting trip. It involved getting in right with someone close to the ruler of this powerful little kingdom that brooks no interference in its affairs and lets the whole world go hang as it goes about its business, demanding nothing of other countries except that they do the same thing.

Even England, with the tremendous power she exercises in Asiatic affairs, has only the faintest kind of look-in in Nepal. By a special arrangement whose negotiations taxed the diplomatic talents of the Foreign Office,—(for the Nepalese are a stubborn people to deal with)—a lone British attaché hangs his hat, and does little else, in Khatmandu, the capital. His rôle is that of "adviser" to the Maharajah, having utterly no connection with or control over any of Nepal's official business or its law-making. This unofficial representative contents himself with keeping a watchful eye on the Russian bear and doesn't challenge the wisdom of letting the Nepalese severely alone.

The only other white man permitted in Nepal is an electrical engineer who supervises the Maharajah's power-house in Khatmandu. Sometimes His Highness craves for his primitive country some of the benefits of modern civilization, like electrically lighted streets, which are to be found in the capital. But as soon as the white men who crossed the border by special permission to make the installation had completed their task, they were hustled out of the country. Only one was allowed to remain, the engineer in charge of the plant, and he is as carefully

watched as if he were constantly plotting to run away with his royal master's favorite wife or to carry off on his back the wall of Himalayas which give Nepal the greatest natural fortifications in the world.

As I sat in Dr. Hornaday's office that day there flashed through my mind the many obstacles that had to be surmounted before I could hope to bring any Indian rhinos out of Nepal. I like tough jobs, as evidenced by the stubbornness with which I pursued my quest for some of the "firsts" that I have brought back to America. (By "firsts" I mean specimens never before seen in America alive, among my contributions being the anoa, or pigmy water buffalo of Celebes; the babirusa, rarest and least known of the wild swine; the proboscis monkey, the long-nosed monkey of Borneo; the siamang gibbon, largest of the gibbon apes, and others.)

But the search for Indian rhinos was so much tougher an assignment than any I had ever had before that I had a momentary feeling of blueness over the possibility of disappointing Dr. Hornaday, who had succeeded in interesting another well-known zoologist in his Indian rhino project, Dr. Charles Penrose, President of the Philadelphia Zoological Society, and a brother of the late Boise Penrose. They had decided between them that if I would undertake an expedition with the object of securing two rhinos, one for each of the zoos, their institutions would assist in financing the project. These two men knew as well as I did that the expense of such an expedition would be too great to render it practicable from a profitable standpoint, so that the only way I could possibly have accepted the proposition was for them to share in the expense in case of failure and to pay me liberally for the animals if I delivered them.

They adopted so sporting an attitude toward the venture that I found myself taking a more optimistic view; and when, in addition, Dr. Hornaday said, "You have never failed me and I'm sure you won't fail me now," I made up my mind that I was going to make a success of the enterprise if I had to tunnel my way into Nepal and drag a couple of Indian rhinos out of the country on my back.

After all, Dr. Hornaday had never expressed a wish for any specimen that I had not been able to bring to him sooner or later. The anoas mentioned above were a striking example. Three years before I had been in this same office and the director had expressed a desire for specimens of these pigmy water buffalo for the New York Zoo. Like the Indian rhino, there were none in the whole length and breadth of America. I had gone all the way into the interior of Celebes after an almost two years' search and brought out a pair of these rare little bovines, which are still on view in the Bronx Park Zoo.

On May 20th of that year I sailed for Hong Kong, on the first leg of one of the most important collecting trips I have ever undertaken. While the Nepal expedition for the Indian rhinos was my big objective, I also had other important orders. The St. Louis Zoo had commissioned me to secure for them a collection of Indian waders (cranes, storks, flamingoes), also some gibbons and antelope. Then there was an order for a whole zoo which I had contracted for with the city of Dallas. I had spent three days in Texas, not long before I sailed, consulting with the Dallas authorities. I outlined plans for a moderate-sized zoo, naming a complete list of animals and birds with which to stock it and making suggestions as to the cages, pens and paddocks. I left the city with a contract to deliver within one year's time about five hundred specimens of birds, mammals and reptiles.

I also had an order from Al G. Barnes, the circus man, for three elephants, two tigers, two tapirs and two orang-utans.

The New York Zoo, in addition to the Indian rhino, had commissioned me to get a pair of snow leopards, a pair of markhor goats and a few smaller animals. Philadelphia, too, did not confine its order to the rhino, my supplementary commission from Dr. Penrose being for a pair of anoas, a pair of snow leopards, one orang-utan and a pair of binturongs.

I also had a few smaller orders. I merely mention these additional orders to give you an idea of the extent to which my business had developed and the scale on which I was operating.

In this chapter I shall confine myself to the expedition into Nepal for the rhinos.

My diary reveals that I arrived in Singapore on the 28th of June. There I made preliminary arrangements for the trapping, and, in some cases, the purchase of the specimens I was after. Then I sailed for Calcutta.

At Calcutta I had a stroke of good luck. One of the many inquiries designed to help me discover someone who could be helpful in getting me on the right side of the Maharajah of Nepal resulted in the information that General Kaiser Shum Shere, a nephew of the Maharajah, was in town. He had come down from Khatmandu in his official capacity and had established a sort of Nepalese headquarters in Middleton Row, in the European section of Calcutta, where he had taken a large house for the season.

I had to get an introduction to this Nepalese prince; that was obvious. Various schemes popped into my head. I finally hit upon a very simple plan that involved an old friend of mine, a lady of considerable social standing who lived in Calcutta. I was fairly sure that if I asked her to invite General Shum Shere for tea and include me among those invited, she would do so.

She cheerfully fell in with my plans and the tea was arranged.

Shum Shere proved to be a dapper little man of about thirty-five, with a dapper little beard. He was neatly attired in white flannel trousers and a tweed coat. When one remembers how many native princes of all sorts and varieties in that part of the world never miss an opportunity to deck themselves out like musical comedy field marshals in the grand finale when the king enters, you will realize how agreeably surprised I was on finding General Shum Shere to be an unpretentious, businesslike sort.

Rather casually—for I did not want to press my business too hard—I mentioned the fact that I was after a pair of Indian rhinos. All I wanted to find out for the moment was whether I was right in my belief that there were some left in Nepal. To my delight I learned that the Nepalese borders sheltered what were practically the last survivors of the species. As I thought, they were royal game, controlled by the Maharajah. The prince

evinced interest in my expedition, did not encourage or discourage me, and wound up by inviting me to call on him at his house in Middleton Row. This was real progress.

In the Park Street section of Calcutta which takes in Middleton Row, most of the houses and grounds are enclosed within a high wall, with great iron gates at the entrances. On arriving at the gate of Shum Shere's house a few days later—(I didn't waste much time in taking him at his word)—I found ferocious-looking Gurkha troops on sentinel duty. In his scabbard each of the fierce-visaged devils had three ominous knives. As I eyed the barbaric roughnecks I decided on a polite approach.

But my honeyed tones availed me nothing. They didn't understand what I was saying. I had made the mistake of calling without an interpreter. I tried sign language. This was also a dismal failure. Then one of the Gurkha lads made a gesture of his own. He used one of his knives for the purpose. With it he pointed to the street. A second Gurkha removed a knife from his scabbard and pointed streetward. Obviously the boys were inviting me to take the air. I decided to leave.

The next day I returned, accompanied by Lal Bahudar, my No. 1 Indian boy, a native of the Nepalese border country, who spoke the language as fluently as he did Hindustani. He shouldered his way right past those fierce-looking Gurkha sentinels, shouting to them in a queer dialect as he ploughed ahead. I learned later that he told them I had come all the way from America at the General's special request and that if they interfered they'd get into trouble.

I was soon ushered into a rather sumptuous apartment. General Shum Shere, dressed in the height of Nepalese fashion, greeted me effusively. The transition from the white flannels and tweeds to the Asiatic habiliments in which he now appeared—trousers of a pinkish silk, very baggy down to the knees where they became tight-fitting, and a sleeveless jacket of green velvet over a white silk shirt—was a bit sudden.

If he had been of a heavier build, and a noisy bombastic type, the General might have succeeded in looking pretty silly in his

pink pants and bright green coat. As it was he looked merely colorful, and as neat as he did in his flannels and tweeds. Perhaps the fact that this Nepalese outfit was carefully tailored and a perfect fit also had something to do with the General's being so pleasant a departure from some of the foolish-looking Asiatic aristocrats I had met before.

Be that as it may, the General was a modest and unpretentious little chap, with none of the pompousness one expects to find in an Asiatic prince.

In physique he did not live up to one's conception of the celebrated adventurer, yet he is a great *shikari*, or "mighty hunter," one of the greatest in all of Asia. It was Shum Shere who in 1921 arranged and carried out the much exploited tiger and rhinoceros hunt for the Prince of Wales during his visit to Asia, when he bagged a number of the big striped cats and a record rhino.

Shum Shere managed to be cordial without resorting to the effusiveness that is so common in the East. There is a high percentage of extremists among Asiatic hosts. Either they won't let you past the front door or, once inside, they make such a fuss over you that you find yourself growing uncomfortable.

I was motioned to a chair while the General sat on a richly upholstered divan. A servant brought cigarettes and whiskies and soda so that soon we were settled down to a friendly chat. Shum Shere was educated in England and speaks the King's English with a studied correctness, only his slightly sing-song delivery reminding one of his Eastern origin.

After exchanging pleasantries for ten or fifteen minutes we got down to business. Yes, there were Indian rhinos in Nepal. He had told me that before at the tea given by my friend, but it was heartening to hear him repeat it. No, under no circumstances could I hope that the Maharajah would make an exception to the rule declaring the rhino to be royal game. There was as much chance of that happening, he assured me, as there was of the Prince abdicating and asking me to be his successor.

Did he hold out any hope for me? Was there any chance of my securing the rhinos?

Yes. (This was cheering.)

How?

Well, it was like this. The Maharajah regarded everything in Nepal as part of the natural resources of the country. He doubtless viewed the rhinos in this light. The Maharajah was a practical-minded business man, frankly interested in converting any of the country's natural resources into cash. How could he otherwise hope to maintain the splendid government he gave his five million subjects with a modern capital at Khatmandu devoted to the betterment of the people? Yes, the Maharajah would probably be willing to talk business.

But naturally enough he, Shum Shere, a mere general, did not attempt to speak for His Highness. He would telegraph the Maharajah and find out whether the nation could spare two rhinos, and, if so, how much they would cost.

Four days later I heard from Shum Shere. Could I come right over?

This I did, jauntily. The General sounded like business.

This time the Gurkhas made no attempt to stop me. The one that seemed to be the leader of the squad, a sort of top sergeant, eyed me in rather friendly fashion, for a Gurkha. By this I mean that he did not look as if he wanted to run one of his swords through me.

Shum Shere did not waste any time in getting to the point. I could have two Indian rhinos for 35,000 rupees.

This is about \$12,600. It's a lot of money to invest in a couple of animals that have to travel 16,000 miles before you can hope to get your money back. Animals sometimes have a habit of dying on your hands before you can cash in.

And, as in the matter of owning an automobile, it isn't the initial cost alone that turns one's hair gray; the upkeep does its bit toward that end.

It takes considerable money to keep two rhino bellies packed with food over a 16,000 mile journey, and the transportation charges in getting 'em back to civilization constitute another item that becomes rather sizeable. Unless you can afford luxuries

I wouldn't advise you to import any Indian rhinos, even if you can get the Maharajah of Nepal to O.K. your project.

I told Shum Shere that 35,000 rupees was a lot of money. I didn't see how I could pay that much.

Would the General be willing to telegraph His Highness at my expense and see if the country couldn't part with that portion of its natural resources represented by two rhinos at a lower figure?

Of course! At once!

Shum Shere was nothing if not businesslike. He lost no time in getting off the message I suggested.

Late the same week I again heard from the General. He was sorry. Extremely sorry. But 35,000 rupees was the lowest figure His Highness could possibly consider. He, Shum Shere, had just received a message to that effect. The expedition to secure the rhinos would necessitate the use of many soldiers and elephants, and much equipment. As the gentleman from America realized, it was a tremendous undertaking to set out to secure two Indian rhinos alive. In Nepal there were hunters that knew how to shoot rhinos and bring them in dead, but capturing them alive was a new business. It was a hazardous, expensive enterprise.

I got the impression that even if I were the Maharajah's brother he couldn't afford to let me have two live rhinos for less than the price named. In fact, I was given to understand that even though I was buying only two specimens, I was getting the benefit of the wholesale price.

Not wishing to reduce the Nepalese nation to a state of poverty by making serious inroads into its natural resources at a starvation figure like 30,000 rupees, the maximum I felt I could afford to pay, and being exceedingly anxious to bring back two Indian rhinos on the hoof, I agreed to the price of 35,000 stipulated by His Highness.

I regarded it as a losing deal from the financial standpoint but felt that if I could bring the rhinos back it would be a fine thing for my reputation.

We closed the transaction and I was delighted when Shum

Shere told me that he would personally head the expedition for the animals I sought. This meant that the job would be intelligently organized and prosecuted, for the General is a truly great *shikari*, a man who has won the respect of the greatest hunters in Asia.

The deal for the rhinos settled, I decided on a collecting trip that took me through Burmah and down the Malay Peninsula to Singapore where I wound up with a great many specimens, including elephants, tigers, smaller animals and birds.

It was arranged that I was to keep in touch with a representative in Calcutta who was to be notified by Shum Shere as soon as the latter had captured the two rhinos. Then I was to proceed to Nepal for the animals.

Some weeks later I returned to Calcutta with a number of specimens that I had collected on the way up from Singapore. Some messages from Shum Shere had been relayed to me to the effect that he was making good progress in his rhino hunt and expected to have news of the capture before long.

I then went up into the United Provinces for additional specimens and had not been back in Calcutta many days when the good news finally arrived. Shum Shere notified me that he had captured two fine Indian rhino calves—(my order was for calves)—one weighing a ton, the other about a ton and a quarter. I was very happy over these tidings and delighted beyond words with the additional information that Shum Shere was on his way to Calcutta on official business and would meet me and give me full details as to how I was to secure delivery of the animals at the camp that had been established between Khatmandu and Bilgange. This involved special permission to enter the country, which would be granted because I was a friendly soul helping the Nepalese nation to market her "natural resources."

Before leaving for the rhino camp in Nepal on what proved to be the strangest journey of its kind I have ever undertaken, I asked Shum Shere for first-hand details of his expedition and how he had captured the calves. Having given him some pointers during our early interviews on how I thought he ought to go about it I was anxious now to know if he had followed my sug-

gestions. Besides, it's always interesting to learn how the other fellow operates.

My order for rhinos came at a good time, Shum Shere told me. Rice-growers had been complaining to the government at Khatmandu for some time that rhinos had been stamping down their crops, making "wallows" of the fields (flooded for irrigation at this season) and in general making nuisances of themselves. These complaints were coming in with such frequency that His Highness predicted an unnatural end for these "natural resources" unless they started behaving themselves.

So that when the Maharajah received Shum Shere's message to the effect that he had a customer for a pair of rhinos I'm sure His Highness must have forgotten the dignity of his office and turned a few Asiatic handsprings. His business sense, however, did not leave him in his enthusiasm; for he remembered to say that he couldn't possibly let me have two rhinos for less than 35,000 rupees.

In fairness to the old boy let me add that capturing rhinos alive is a pretty costly business and he must have been put to considerable expense. In fact, I doubt if more than 20,000 rupees of the total I paid him were profit. After all, the only inexpensive way of getting rhinos was to shoot them; and I'm sure if I had asked for a pair of dead ones the charge would have been much less.

The Terai, which stretches for a thousand miles through Asia, is the most wonderful stretch of forest known to man, harboring more game and wild life than any other wild lands in the world, including those of Africa, which do not compare with it. The great Nepalese Terai is richer in game than any other part of this tremendous forest. One factor that keeps it so is the stern decree of the government forbidding foreigners to enter the country.

Into that part of the Terai that finds itself in the south central part of Nepal, General Kaiser Shum Shere led his expedition for the Indian rhinos.

Shum Shere had *carte blanche* to kill as many rhinos as he pleased in the course of the expedition on account of the damage

they were doing in their migrations to the rice-fields, these pilgrimages invariably resulting in the utter ruin of acres and acres of the crop on which so big a percentage of the populace depended for subsistence.

As he was on the look-out for calves, he devoted himself to looking for nursing mothers. It was hard work to track these down and capture them. He could have shot down plenty of them in the rice-fields but to try to capture them there alive would have meant a skirmish that might have resulted in the destruction of whole crops belonging to needy planters.

So he sought them out in wilder territory.

After days of reconnoitering, the General, who was working with a force of thirty elephants and well over a hundred Gurkhas, surrounded a female rhinoceros with a good-sized calf. He shot down the mother, knowing that the rest was easy. By this I mean that it is well known to those who are familiar with the habits of the rhinoceros family that a rhino calf will stand beside the dead body of its mother until decomposition starts to set in.

As the old cow dropped in her tracks, rope fencing, about four feet high and interminably long, was quickly brought up and thrown around the calf, making an enclosure of probably an acre in extent. A small army of Gurkhas managed the rope fencing, and they gradually closed in on the young rhinoceros until it was hemmed within an enclosure of only twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter.

The animal put up a game fight, the General said, it being necessary to use his entire force of men to keep the fencing taut and prevent the baby rhino—(a mere infant weighing about a ton)—from dashing through. The flexibility of the rope enclosure, even when tautly held, prevented the calf from injuring itself in its frantic efforts to break loose.

At this point in the proceedings, logs and poles were cut from the forest and brought up to the rope corral. These were driven in the ground close together and banked high with earth on the outside. The rhino was left this way for several days with the rope fencing stretched taut inside of the log corral, so that the

animal could not butt its head against the logs in any further frenzied attempts to escape.

Milch goats were brought from a distant settlement and a gruel of boiled rice, goat's milk and sugar was fed to the animal, in addition to jungle leaves which were cut daily by the attendants.

When the little prisoner—(if it's all right to describe one-ton of rhino calf in that fashion)—had become sufficiently tractable and its restlessness subsided enough so that there was no longer any danger of its injuring itself, the rope fencing was removed and the animal was left in the log enclosure.

A second calf was captured in the same manner.

Later on both animals were transferred to cages, and after a long and wearisome trip on buffalo carts through the rugged, hilly country of southern Nepal, they arrived at the camp north of Bilgange where they were being held for me.

Shum Shere made the rice-growers happy and the rhino world sad by bringing down with his own rifle twenty-one of the mammoth beasts during the hunt, including the two cows that were with the calves he captured. He told me that he had never before realized how easy killing animals was in comparison with the job of capturing them alive; and he ventured the further opinion that capturing the rhinos was a cinch compared to my job of getting them back to the United States alive.

I recall showing Dr. Hornaday photographs of some of the rhinos that Shum Shere had shot down as vermin. These pictures of the dead pillagers of the rice-fields had been given me by the General. I'll never forget Hornaday's horror over the fact that these rare and almost extinct patricians of the animal kingdom, these survivors of the great race of Indian rhinos that had practically ceased to exist except in books telling of their mighty feats, should have suffered the ironic fate of being shot down as public nuisances.

So far so good. There were two rhinos waiting for me in Nepal. But my work had only started.

What follows will give the reader some idea of why the life of a wild animal collector is not exactly a picnic.

V

DELIVERED: TWO RHINOS

BEFORE leaving for Nepal to get the rhinos I wanted to deposit the purchase price, 35,000 rupees, in a Calcutta bank, the money to be paid to Shum Shere as soon as the animals were delivered to me in satisfactory condition at a point where I could load them on a freight car. My plan was to release the money by telegraphing to the bank from Raxaul as soon as the Maharajah's representatives had gone through with their side of the deal.

Shum Shere, to my surprise, refused to have anything to do with the financial arrangements. He leaned backwards in his honesty, insisting that if he handled the money at any point people might think he was making money out of the transaction whereas he was merely helping his uncle the Maharajah dispose of some of Nepal's resources. He was glad to do a little thing like that for his uncle and his country without pay and he simply couldn't consider appearing in the financial arrangements for fear that his participation might be an indication to the unenlightened that his interest in the whole business was a selfish one.

No, no, no. A thousand times no. The American gentleman was wasting his time.

Not only did he, Shum Shere, have no desire to take part in the financial arrangements for the personal reasons already mentioned but he doubted that he had the authority to do so. When you bought something from the Nepalese government you took cash with you, and made payment on the spot, and got out. It was a rule.

The more he thought of it the surer he became that he would be acting in violation of one of the royal regulations involving payments due the Nepalese government.

But wasn't this a special case? After all, wasn't the General

a high prince of Nepal and wasn't it perfectly proper for him to act as his government's financial representative?

No, no, no. Ten thousand times no. Would the American gentleman be so kind as to consider the matter closed?

The prospect of carrying on my person all the way to Nepal 35,000 rupees in cash to pay for the rhinos, plus the sizeable sum I needed to cover the cost of transporting them to Calcutta, did not appeal to me at all.

A letter of credit would have been utterly useless as there are no banks in the isolated part of the world for which I was heading. Nor are there any hotels or other institutions to facilitate the safe handling of money.

I estimated that I should have to carry approximately 50,000 rupees (which was then about \$16,000 in our money) on my person. The more I thought about it the less I liked the idea. Carrying this much money on one's person is risky business anywhere in India, and particularly up in the border countries where more than one man's throat has been cut for less than a hundred rupees. In fact, in many of these out-of-the-way districts they cheerfully cut your throat for nothing. There are Hindu knife-sters who seem to be striving to preserve their amateur standing, fellows who require no financial inducements, not even expense money, to slit a man open from ear to ear. All the inspiration they need is a dislike for you and a lonely road. Of course, if an investigation reveals that you have some money on your person, they unofficially turn professional, like some of our amateur athletes.

Despite the precautions I planned to take, as I hastily reviewed the whole situation in my mind, I feared that somehow it would leak out that I had a fortune in rupees on me and that somewhere on the way to Nepal I would be singled out for the attentions of some flirtatious bandit who did his courting with a knife.

Shum Shere was sympathetic. He was adamant in his refusal to accept payment for the rhinos through a bank in India but he kindly offered to furnish a bodyguard of three Gurkha sol-

diers to accompany me. He made no effort to conceal his belief that I would need them.

Without further ado he called in one of his officers and gave him an order in Nepalese. The officer went out and soon reappeared with three of the examples of Gurkha ferocity that guarded Shum Shere's house. I recognized one of them as the Nepalese numbskull who made menacing noises with his throat, dilated his nostrils as if he were smelling me preparatory to eating me, and stamped his foot when I insisted on sending in my card on my first visit to the General's place. As he eyed me uneasily I saw in his look a combination of sulky embarrassment and ill-concealed displeasure that I did not like and I quickly decided that I had no desire to put myself in this malodorous—(I forgot to mention that he smelled to deep Hades)—villain's hands. His comrades weren't much better to look at or to smell.

None of these soldiers around Shum Shere's place seemed to have any distinctive uniform. They were clothed in the ordinary tight-fitting trousers and sash-like belt of the North country and either the short Nepalese jackets or ill-fitting coats fashioned after European style. Different types and colors of material were represented in their garb. The only uniform thing about them was their aroma.

No, I'll have to amend that. There was also a definite uniformity about the big Gurkha knives they carried, each of the weapons (a cross between a good-sized butcher knife and a broad-sword) as capable of cutting my throat as anyone's else, I couldn't help thinking.

The three Gurkhas now before me looked more like brigands than soldiers. Shum Shere designated them as my bodyguard and I stood scrutinizing them for a few seconds, wondering whether I should prefer to take my chances with them or with some of the savage hill tribes and bandits along the border.

Shum Shere must have read my thoughts for he immediately started reassuring me. After placing my safety in the hands of these men, he declared, they would die fighting for me. When a representative of the Maharajah of his (Shum Shere's) stand-

ing gave these men a trust, it was a matter of life and death with them and they would sooner die at their own hands than have anything happen to me.

The doubtful aroma they exuded suggested that perhaps they were already dying, or, in point of fact, were quite dead on their feet,—(the East is a great place for miracles)—but it would have been indelicate for me to point this out. After all, the securing of my Indian rhinos was as much a diplomatic mission as anything else, and I discreetly refrained from unnecessary flippancies.

In fact, I was all seriousness. Some of it seems amusing in retrospect but I don't mind saying that at the time of my interview with Shum Shere I was plenty worried over the necessity of carrying a large sum of money on my person from Calcutta to the wilderness that is Nepal.

The General was trying to help me. There was no question about it. I didn't see how I could gracefully turn down his escort, as little as I thought of the wild-eyed Gurkhas who comprised it. I accepted with thanks and arranged to start north by the train leaving Calcutta the following evening at eight o'clock.

Most of the next day was spent in buying supplies and in making other preparations. This included a visit to the bank where I displayed my letter of credit and asked for fifty thousand rupees. On account of the size of the sum—(in India that is a fortune, comparable in the eyes of a native to a sum like a million dollars in the United States)—the manager asked me to step into his private office. Such transactions are never made across the regular paying teller's window.

I've handled venomous snakes with fewer misgivings than I experienced in handling that money. In fact, if instead of the rupees, I had just dropped a curled-up cobra in my pocket, I couldn't have felt more nervous. And I'm hardly what you would call the nervous type.

I've had some hair-raising experiences in handling animals but I've seen so many more deaths in Asia result from money matters than from contacts with animals, that I've never had

any fun out of being a walking treasury. I prefer to take my chances with tigers and leopards.

That night, a quarter of an hour before the train's leaving-time, I arrived at Hourah station with Lal and a body servant named Johereim, and a dozen coolies carrying canned goods, a cooking outfit, bedding, etc. I had fifty thousand rupees in gold and in one-thousand rupee notes, principally the latter, tied up in a piece of silk cloth and fastened around my waist underneath my clothing. The promised bodyguard, the nondescript trio who were going to die for me if necessary, were nowhere to be seen. Lal and I searched the station as diligently as if we actually liked the rascals but nothing smelling like them could be found. I waited at the entrance gate until a few minutes before train time, when I concluded that the three trusted Gurkhas were not going to make an appearance. I decided not to bother with them but to take my chances without the aid of their carving-knives and fierce looks. I swung aboard the waiting train, with almost a feeling of relief that they had failed to show up.

Lal opened his remarks on the subject with as sincere and ringing a "*Soure Cabatcha!*" as I had ever heard him utter. He did not take as cheerful a view of the situation as I did. In the failure of the Three Reliables, my protectors unto death, to show up he saw a dark plot to accomplish my undoing. They would spread the news all over Calcutta that the *sahib* was on his way to Nepal with much money and on my arrival there I would be stabbed in a thousand places by an army of bloodthirsty brigands.

My theory was that the three bad boys from Nepal had started to celebrate their vacation from guard duty and the impending trip to the *vaterland*, had consumed more than was wise, and were now lying somewhere, drunk.

Lal didn't think much of my theory. He shook his head gloomily and predicted dire happenings.

The following day, about twenty hours after we had left Calcutta, we pulled into Mokamaghat. There we were to cross the Ganges River to Athmal Gola, proceeding next to Raxaul where

the railway terminates and also where India ends and Nepal begins.

The idea uppermost in my mind was to get to the rhino camp as fast as possible, secure my rhinos, get them to the Raxaul freight yards with the aid of the Maharajah's representatives, pay for them and be rid of that troublesome money—and be off for Calcutta. I had quite a collection of animals and birds waiting for me there and I wanted to get back, assemble the whole lot and return to America with them. I have my own ideas about how animals and birds should be cared for and I was a little uneasy as I remembered the slipshod methods of even the best care-takers one can find in Calcutta.

So you can realize how I felt when on pulling into Mokamaghat I learned from the excited station agent that the Ganges River was in the throes of one of the worst floods it had ever known. I judged from the terrific downpour toward the tail-end of our trip to Mokamaghat that the monsoons had probably set in but I had no idea that we were running into a storm that was flooding that whole section of India.

The Most Holy of Rivers was swollen so far beyond its banks that railway communication with the northern country had been completely cut off. Lal and I momentarily forgot that the Ganges was a sacred river; we had some unholy things to say about it. But Lal did more than swear. Again he saw a dark plot to undo me, this time the Ganges River joining the conspiracy. He shook his head mournfully and declared that while he hoped for the best, if he were in the *sahib's* boots he would prepare for the worst. His superstitions, all rushing to the surface at once, pretty nearly floored him, poor devil.

Almost all the bridges north of the Ganges were out of commission, railroad tracks were washed out, and everything was in a hell of a mess.

I was told by officials that it might be well over a month before we should be able to proceed to the border. Again I found myself thinking of my big collection of animals in Calcutta, including four recently acquired Assam elephants; and of the stock at Singapore that was awaiting shipment to America. Feed

bills were running up heavily and there was considerable risk of losing the animals by leaving them too long in the hands of those unreliable natives. But the rhinos, which could do more for my reputation as a zoological collector than all the other specimens put together, were across the border.

I had a tough decision to make. Having got as far as Mokamaghat, I hated to turn back; and I also hated the idea of leaving all my birds and animals indefinitely in Singapore and Calcutta.

Neither prospect was particularly pleasing. Mokamaghat was full of a queer assortment of stranded nondescripts and I didn't see much fun in living with this gang for perhaps five or six weeks, with nothing to do but guard that infernal money which was beginning to get on my nerves.

After thinking the whole matter over, I decided it would be impractical to wait for the monsoons to subside. Through the combination of runners and that part of the telegraphic service that was not out of commission I succeeded in getting a message to the authorities in Nepal. I told them that it would be impossible for me to get to the rhino camp for several weeks and that I would have to return to America with a big shipment of animals. This I did not want to do until I had assurances that they would hold the rhinos for me. About eight or nine days after I sent my message I got one back saying that the Maharajah understood my plight, and that the rhinos, which were in excellent condition, would be held for me until my return from America.

This was cheering news. With the knowledge that those two rare zoological prizes were still mine, and that I could gather them into the fold at a later date, I left for Calcutta in good spirits for a man whose plans had been messed up by a flood. What a relief it was to get rid of my cash at the bank!

Two weeks after my return to Calcutta I steamed down the Hooghly River on the S.S. *Kum Sang* with my four elephants 'tween decks and practically the entire deck space of the small coastwise vessel loaded with crates and cages of birds and animals.

I could ship on the *Kum Sang* only as far as Singapore, where we unloaded our collection and took them out to the compound to await an American boat due to sail for Los Angeles and San Francisco nine days later.

The day we arrived in Singapore was a regular circus day for the residents there. Fourteen large bullock carts and two motor-lorries transported my cages and animals from the dock out to the compound, followed by the four elephants.

Thousands of natives and not a few whites followed us through the streets. A few times, when we had to stop for traffic, the curious crowded around us in such mobs that we could hardly move.

With the vast Singapore collection augmented by this big shipment from Calcutta, I now had the biggest collection of live animals and birds ever assembled in one place with the possible exceptions of the big zoos in New York, Philadelphia, London and Hamburg.

This is not the place for details of my return to America with this record-breaking shipment. This, after all, is the story of those two Indian rhinos.

On my return to America I disposed of my great collection. With the various animals and birds on the way to their proper destinations, I breathed easily again and decided to visit Dr. Hornaday in New York before returning to Nepal.

I called on him and made a full report. He was delighted to learn that I had located an Indian rhino for him and one for Dr. Penrose. He was the soul of patience; his sympathy with my problems was complete. And I recall how he marvelled over my casualness in discussing a second long journey to far-away Nepal after the disappointments of the interrupted trip from which I had just returned.

Several weeks later I again found myself in India, on the way to Nepal via Mokamaghat, with Lal assisting me in the matter of guarding my fortune in rupees at night (for I was again forced to carry cash), and with Johereim attending my wants during the day. The damage done by the monsoons and the great flood had been repaired and travel was again normal.

At last, after many months, I found myself in Raxaul! I looked around for a *dak* bungalow (government rest house). I had been told that I should find one here. I learned that my information was incorrect and that there was no such accommodation.

A small railroad bungalow not far from the station and just outside the limits of the native town was the only possible habitation where a *sahib* might put up. In these frontier towns the Indian railroads maintain what are known as "railroad bungalows" so that when their division superintendents or other British railroad officials find it necessary to remain overnight in the out-of-the-way places, where suitable homes or hotel accommodations are not to be found, the bungalow is at their disposal. A native servant is in charge, keeping the place in order and ready for occupancy whenever these officials arrive.

While I checked and sorted my luggage which had been set out on a platform at the railroad station, I sent Lal to interview the servant in charge of the railroad bungalow to ask permission for me to put up there. The servant sent back word that one of the railroad *sahibs* would be arriving in an hour or two from Bhikna Thore and that I should have to get his permission. However, he suggested that the luggage be brought over to the bungalow veranda as it was beginning to get dark. While the coolies were carrying my boxes and bags across from the station, I inspected the bungalow. It was quite a comfortable house of plastered adobe walls and high roof of thatched rice straw, built on a cement platform wider than the bungalow itself so as to constitute both a floor for the bungalow and a veranda. There was a large center room and two smaller ones on either side. The large room was furnished with a hand-made wooden dining table, three plain chairs and a wicker couch. One of the smaller rooms was comfortably furnished for a sleeping room. There was a connecting alcove which contained a galvanized bath tub (wherever there's an Englishman you'll find a bath tub of some kind) and a big stone jar of water with a dipper. The other room was unfurnished.

I sent Johereim to the near-by bazaars to buy a chicken. He

returned with a likely looking one and with this and some of the stuff from my provision boxes he and the bungalow servant started preparing dinner for me. The idea uppermost in my mind was to take a bath. I was grimy after the trip and the galvanized tub looked pretty good to me.

I entered the little alcove and started undressing. I suppose I should have waited for the Englishman's permission before taking a bath but it didn't seem important enough.

I draped my clothes over a stool near the tub, placing a gun on top of the heap. I had removed the small percentage of gold contained in the silken sash in which I carried my money around my waist. The gold I had placed in my trousers pockets and the sash containing the thousand rupee notes I now wrapped around my neck. After tying it securely so that it clung to my neck like a great plaster, I proceeded to wash myself. Two or three times I reached over to see if I could grab my gun quickly if I needed it, and, finding it within easy reach, I went on scrubbing myself.

I had done a good job, except on the neck, which on account of the peculiar circumstances that prevailed, I was unable to scrub. I was about to start drying myself when I heard someone enter the bungalow and start raising hell with the servant in charge.

The newcomer was the English railroad official. What he didn't tell that poor bungalow servant wasn't worth telling. How dared he permit strangers to usurp his quarters? Who was this American who had the gall to walk in with his servant and promptly make himself at home? Where was the fellow anyhow? He had a few things to say to this brazen intruder.

I could hear the servant, who seemed to be sobbing as he spoke, say that I was taking a bath.

"Taking a bath!" roared the Englishman. "Who told him he could take a bath?"

Then I could hear my genial host stomp over to the alcove where I stood stark naked, with nothing on but a neck-band stuffed with money.

"I say!" He started as he eyed me in bewilderment and rage. "What does this mean?" For a second his eye rested on my re-

volver, then he looked up at the peculiar arrangement around my neck.

I saw nothing to worry me in this irate Englishman, who looked as if he might be a decent sort when he wasn't blowing off steam, so I picked up a towel and started drying myself.

"You'll excuse me, I hope, for not having some clothes on," I addressed him. "I wasn't expecting you quite so soon."

"I wasn't expecting *you* at all," he retorted. I thought that was pretty fair sarcasm and decided at once that this growling bear wasn't half bad.

Then I explained what I was doing there. I had expected to find a government *dak* bungalow, and, failing to find one, had temporarily located here. I hoped I hadn't put him out in any way. The Englishman grunted a few times as I told my story but he seemed to be calming down. He stared hard at the decoration round my neck, so I decided to make an explanation. "Sore throat," I said. "Damned nuisance."

And it was too,—the money, not my throat, which was a good throat and quite a help in breathing and swallowing.

Perhaps this affliction of mine softened my involuntary host. After telling me, with a kind of sternness that didn't sound very convincing, that he wasn't used to having strangers walk in on him in this fashion, he relented and told me I could use the unfurnished part of the bungalow.

I invited the Englishman to share the dinner which had been prepared for me but he declined my offer. "I've got my own food," he said. "My mistake," I replied. That's all the conversation that took place during the meal.

I believe he would have appreciated some of the delicious hot food which Johereim served me but he was suffering from a familiar ailment, British standoffishness, and this prevented familiarity on so short an acquaintance; so he sat opposite me at the table moodily mincing at his cold cuts while I enjoyed a first-class meal.

After dinner the Englishman thawed out. With pipes lighted and a whisky peg before us, we talked well into the night. He

seemed interested in my experiences with animals and I got a great kick out of his stories of railroading in this strange and wild country. He was in charge of that division of the Bengal and Northwestern Railway which runs along the border of Nepal from Raxaul to Bhikna Thore and a hundred miles or so further on.

As we prepared to go to bed, he said to me out of a clear sky, "Be careful with your money."

"What money?" I asked, with a start.

"The money you had round your neck in the tub. You remember,—your sore throat." He smiled as he said this. So did I, foolishly. I was amazed. How in blazes did he know I had money in that sash? I didn't ask him, and he didn't tell me. To this day I haven't the faintest idea how he found out.

He broke into a laugh, a pleasant laugh. "I'm careless with my money too," he said. This was as ironic as it was amusing. I thought I had been so careful!

"If you've got much of it on you," he added, "keep it out of sight. The blighters here are very fond of money." With this he was off to bed.

The next morning I saw my English friend off. He was on his way up the line to a point between Raxaul and Bhikna Thore. His method of travel was nothing if not picturesque. His conveyance was a railroad hand car. A heavy armchair was placed on the car and he seated himself in this. Two natives seated themselves on the floor of the car. Two other natives got behind to push. The Englishman explained as he opened a parasol that this was his favorite method of getting around. When the two pushers grew weary, the boys on the car relieved them. They would alternate until they reached his destination. He had travelled thousands of miles in this fashion, he explained as he was off with a wave of the arm,—the boys sending the car down the tracks at a merry clip.

I had kept the Nepalese authorities posted on my movements by telegraph. They knew I was at Raxaul, stopping at the railroad bungalow, and they were to send representatives to meet me.

Not long after the Englishman's departure these representatives arrived,—two Nepalese who had come down from Bilgange, in

accordance with arrangements made by General Shum Shere, to escort me across the border and on to Bilgange, whence a trail led up into the foot-hill country where the rhino camp was located.

My escorts were mounted on small horses or mountain ponies. They had brought an extra one for me. These ponies, bred in the Nepalese hills, are diminutive in size but hard as nails.

Elephants awaited us at Bilgange for the trip from here to the rhino camp. For a hardened collector I found myself getting pretty excited as we neared the camp.

My delight on finally reaching the animals, after months and months of anticipation, may well be imagined. I fairly slid off the big elephant on which I was riding before it had a chance to kneel.

Lal was so tickled he did the Asiatic equivalent of a handspring, a cross between a somersault and a cartwheel, if you can imagine anything as crazy as that. He accompanied his acrobatics with the most joyous cackling I'd ever heard from him.

The rhinos were wonderful calves, in splendid condition. I was happier than I had been in as long as I could remember.

The animals were in big heavy crates made of logs and big limbs cut and put together in the jungle. These cages were built in a most ingenious fashion, no nails being used, the rough-hewn timbers so dove-tailed and doweled together as to be thoroughly solid. It was almost incredible that these firm, well-made cages had been constructed with only the use of an adze, mallet and a crude hand-wrought native chisel.

And then the fun began.

The man in charge of the rhino camp was a Nepalese official, a pompous person who acted as if he was in the habit of giving orders to the Maharajah.

He had joined us at Bilgange where I was amused by the Napoleonic attitudes he struck as he barked out trivial commands to the half-scared Gurkha escort that accompanied him.

I was so occupied with thoughts of the closeness of my rhinos that I paid no attention to the fool. I thought his greeting needlessly gruff and I didn't see any occasion for his scowl but he

seemed so unimportant a detail that I dismissed him from my mind.

He didn't lose much time asserting himself when we arrived at the rhino camp. His English was poor but he didn't have any trouble telling me, as I stood before the cages admiring my prizes, that he had taken care of the animals long enough; and that he would now turn them over to me and take payment for them. The animals were about as much use to me away up here in the jungle in these great heavy crates as they would have been in their original wild state.

It didn't take much imagination to see what would happen if I did this officious bonehead's bidding. He would break all speed records in vacating the camp; and with only Lal and Johereim to help me get two or three tons of rhino to the railroad yards in distant Raxaul, I would certainly be up against it.

I flatly refused to make payment at the camp.

The American did not realize what he was saying. Would he be good enough to pay the money at once and not waste any more of the time of one of Nepal's busiest officials? As he said this he struck a military pose, doing his best to look like a field marshal.

My fingers itched. I never felt more like clouting a man on the nose. But that wouldn't have accomplished much. There were at least thirty Ghurkas in and around the camp and I had no desire to have their carving-knives wind up in my innards. Some of them started crowding round as I snapped out my reply. I would pay for the rhinos when they were loaded onto the cars at Raxaul, and not a minute sooner.

This declaration was in reality merely a more emphatic version of what I had already told him. Nevertheless it had a strange effect on him. First he spat on the ground. Then he raised both arms in the air and waved them around frantically, to the tune of a series of shrieked exclamations which Lal afterwards told me were simply excellent cussing in the Nepalese dialect. Then he returned to his garbled English, capping his outburst by calling me a pig.

I said nothing. Again my fingers itched. But that was not my only emotion. I also wanted to laugh. In all my experience

I had never encountered a more ludicrous ass. I stood there alternating between a desire to break his neck and laugh in his face. I wound up by doing the latter. What else could I do when this funny Nepalese, arms akimbo, poked his face into mine, and with what he doubtless considered a fierce look but which was merely a stupid glare, announced that he would give me five minutes in which to make payment? It was the best joke I'd heard in a long time.

My laughter was interrupted by a command to the Gurkas from this comic-opera official who, I afterwards learned, was a major in the Nepalese army. He barked out something in Nepalese and the Gurkhas lined up in a ragged row behind him. They had an expectant look, like chorus boys waiting for their music cue.

The major, who had dropped back a few paces, beckoned to me to join him. I refused. Whereupon he pompously strode over to where I stood, the Gurkhas advancing a similar distance behind him.

Then the major, shaking a finger in my face, told me that I was a fool; that he was aware I had been instructed to bring cash with me; that he knew full well that I had this money on me; and that if I didn't pay for the rhinos at once he would be forced to take the money away from me.

This was going too far. A joke is a joke. Musical comedy soldiers have no right getting that fresh. I removed my revolver from its holster, turning it over in my palm for effect. Then I significantly stuck it in the front part of my belt where I could grab it quickly. I had no desire to fight the Gurkha army but I was perfectly willing to plug a few of these boys if they forced a scrap.

Needless to say, I did not want a knife and gun party if it could be avoided. I was in Nepal to get those rhinos and I knew enough about this country, which had no use for white men and excluded them, to know that a skirmish with the authorities would probably result in the confiscation of the animals. And, what with all those knives, there was a possibility of my losing more than the rhinos,—perhaps an ear or an eye.

I meant to shoot only to defend myself. I stepped back a few yards, removed the pistol from my belt, fingered it again for effect, and put it back in place. Then, by way of emphasizing that I was ready for anything, I took some cartridges out of my pocket, ran them from one hand to the other a few times, and put them back in my pocket.

All the time I was trying to figure out a strategic move calculated to impress the major with my importance.

I started by telling him that General Shum Shere was one of my oldest friends. In Calcutta he and I were inseparable. I practically lived at his house there.

The major's widening eyes showed that I was making progress. I went on. And on.

How could I have secured special permission to enter Nepal if I hadn't been an old comrade of the General's? The General, in securing the rhinos for me, was merely doing me a friendly service. True, I was to pay for them; but little did he, the major, know how I had to plead with the General in Calcutta to get him to consider taking my money. Shum Shere had told me a hundred times that it was a small enough service to a friend to secure a pair of rhinos for him as a present. After all, Nepal was full of rhinos, and they were trampling the rice-fields. They would all be shot as pests anyhow, so why not give an old friend a pair?

If he (the major) thought this was merely a business deal, he was sadly mistaken. My friend Shum Shere would hear of my abominable treatment. He would hear how the major had threatened to take my money from me by force. He would hear how—

But that was as far as the major would let me go. He was melting by the second. His manner plainly indicated that I had scored. If I had told him that I was in the habit of putting Shum Shere on my knee and playing with his whiskers, the major would have believed me. Raising one of his arms, he pleaded with me not to say anything to General Shum Shere. It was all a mistake. He (the major) understood he was to take payment here at the camp but if the American gentleman said no, no it was. I had him on the run. I saw no point in abandoning my hard-boiled

tactics too soon. I would think it over. Perhaps I wouldn't say anything to Shum Shere.

He wanted a promise, a definite promise.

So I made one. I would not tell the General how badly I had been treated if the major would immediately start making arrangements to help me get the rhinos to Raxaul. There he would have to load them onto the cars. Then I would pay him, and only then. And I would not tell the General that there was a major in the Nepalese army who deserved to be shot.

The major agreed with alacrity. He would help General Shum Shere's good friend get the rhinos to Raxaul.

I never appreciated the truth of Kipling's poem about the man who tried to hurry the East so much as I did during the days that followed. Most of my time during the day was spent with the rhinos, and some of the nights too. I made three or four trips back and forth between Raxaul and the rhino camp, traveling by elephant as far as Bilgange and from there either by mountain pony or in one of the rickety horse-drawn *gharries*. While waiting for the major to complete his arrangements (there were many delays on account of the red tape involved in securing permission for a troop of Gurkha soldiers to make the trip to Raxaul with the rhinos), I devoted myself to negotiating at Raxaul with the railway officials for the flat cars I needed for shipping the animals, and to a number of other important details involved in getting my valuable freight back to Calcutta.

By this time plenty of Nepalese must have known that I had considerable cash on me and I did not relish those trips at all. I now kept my revolver handy at all times, being called upon twice to scatter, with shots in the air, suspicious-looking natives in the underbrush along the road. But perhaps I misjudged them. Maybe they were only playing hide-and-seek.

More than once I thought the major was walking out on me. Every time there was a fresh delay I decided he must have discovered that General Shum Shere and I were not such great cronies after all.

But this was not the case. He was actually making haste, for a Nepalese. Finally he completed his arrangements and the

rhinos started on the first stage of their sixteen thousand mile journey.

It was a great sight to see our odd caravan coming down through the jungle. The two huge crates were loaded on big bullock carts drawn by four water buffaloes each. Alongside marched forty or fifty Gurkha soldiers to steady the load and help push the carts out of mud holes, ruts, etc., while directly back of the carts came three elephants, each carrying a huge load of fodder for the animals. This consisted of green leaves of the jack fruit tree which were cut before we left the rhino camp and piled about eight feet high on top of each elephant. Following the elephants were a couple of bullock carts carrying our supplies, and one of the little Nepalese *gharries* in which Lal and Johereim were riding. The major and I were mounted on ponies and we acted as grand marshals for the parade, riding up and down the line, keeping everything in order.

By now the major was pretty friendly. I told him he looked every inch a general on his pony. God help any of Nepal's enemies that dared tamper with so fine a figure of a man, I added. The major loved it. In point of fact he had less figure than the rhinos we were transporting; but flattery was his weakness and I played to it. It was all in the game.

After three days of hard going we reached Bilgange and a temporary camp was made. I went on into Raxaul with Lal, had a good rest at the railroad bungalow and was back shortly after daylight the second morning, when the caravan again got under way. Owing to the almost impassable roads, it was a two-day trip to Raxaul. On arriving here I expected to get the animals immediately loaded onto cars so that we could take them out on the late evening train, but when we pulled up before the railway station, the station-master informed us that the two flat cars which he had ordered sent up from Muzufferpur, the next divisional point, had not yet arrived. We therefore had to make camp here and wait until the next afternoon.

The major was beginning to grow impatient. In my anxiety over my precious cargo,—those three or more tons of rhino that had made so much trouble for me,—I had forgotten for almost a

whole day to compliment the biggest ass in Nepal and he was becoming low in spirits.

I cheered him up considerably when I told him that next to General Shum Shere he was the finest man I had met in Asia, but even then he wasn't any too cheerful. He hinted that he was growing tired and would like to be on his way home.

Before he had a chance to ask me for the money again, I told him I would write Shum Shere and tell how nobly the major had seen his task through to the end,—how uncomplainingly he had aided me until the rhinos were on the cars and on their way to Calcutta. He grinned foolishly and accepted the situation.

The following afternoon the cars arrived from Muzufferpur. It is needless for me to say how tickled I was. The Gurkha soldiers were again called into service (the major barking out far more commands than were necessary and with a vehemence that the situation didn't call for), and the two rhinos, none the worse for their rough trip on the bullock carts, were set onto the cars.

This done, the major and I (with the decrepit old *babu* who acted as station-master and Lal as witnesses) entered the railway office where I opened my clothing, got out the silken sash that served as my wallet and counted out the 35,000 rupees I owed the Maharajah,—tossing in an extra hundred rupees for the major to buy himself a sword against that day when he should become Field Marshal of Nepal.

The old *babu's* eyes almost popped out of his head as I counted out the money,—more rupees than he had ever seen in all his life. The major wasn't any too calm either. His hand trembled with excitement as he signed the receipt.

And soon we were off. Lal and I rigged up shelters of boughs and leaves over the crates to keep out the burning rays of the sun, and the balance of the fodder which had been brought down by the elephants was loaded on the flat cars with the animals. These frontier trains are made up of both passenger and freight cars, so a first-class compartment was available for me. One of the Nepalese boys who had been attending the rhinos ever since their capture agreed to accompany me to Calcutta to assist Lal

in watching and caring for the animals en route, so when we left Raxaul I placed him on one of the cars and Lal on the other to guard the rhinos, Johereim tending my needs in my compartment.

I had got my prizes to the rail head. It might have seemed that the worst of my troubles was over. But that would have been reckoning without a new danger that promptly developed,—the Eastern lust for an aphrodisiac that was reputed to be borne on the heads of my rhinos.

To all Asiatics the horn of the rhinoceros has great restorative powers, especially in matters sexual. A book could be written around the superstitions and myths that abound in Asia about the miraculous rejuvenating properties of this substance.

To many Asiatics, the worst of all ailments is sexual impotence, and when this is coming on there is only one remedy: rhino horn. The Chinese will cross the Himalayas to the Nepalese border for rhino horn, paying thousands of rupees for a small bag of the cure-all. In China this is disposed of at fancy prices to the wealthy. I know of an instance where a sixty-year-old Chinese aristocrat, with over twenty concubines, regularly sent emissaries over the back-breaking Himalayas for rhino horn. The complaints of his favorite concubine had induced him to import quantities of the infallible remedy at fancy prices. I understand that he did not always get rhino horn. It seems there are bootleggers in every field, everywhere. He got a percentage of rhino horn, with other kinds of horn tossed in.

One of the bloodiest murders that ever took place in China had for its motive a shipment of rhino horn, among the biggest ever gathered together. The shipment changed hands three times, two dealers perishing in the struggle for possession. The rich Chinaman who financed the original expedition to the edge of Nepal for this big consignment of the wonder-working restorative eventually received the goods that, theoretically, made him the richest man sexually in China; but he was made to pay through the nose by the bandits that eventually made delivery,—the price that he paid amounting to a small fortune in the Orient.

The Chinese method of using rhino horn is to dry it thoroughly and grind it into a powder, which is then mixed with a liquid and taken internally.

The Malays look upon rhino horn more as a charm than as a medicine and no Malay will ever overlook an opportunity to rub his hands over a rhino horn, and if he is so fortunate as to have a small piece to carry in his pocket, the god of luck will never forsake him.

The Hindu view is much like the Chinese; to him rhino horn is the horn of sexual plenty. Only in the method of using it does he differ. Instead of powdering and drinking it, the Hindu sucks on a small piece of the magic restorative.

More than one aging and fatigued Hindu has vowed by all that was good and holy that if he could only get hold of a good bit of rhino horn, of the right size and shape to keep comfortably under his tongue, there wasn't a virgin in all the land that was safe in his presence. In India this is one of the oldest cries of the played-out *roué*.

The horns of my young rhinos were just beginning to grow out and it behooved me to keep a close watch on them, especially when our train stopped at stations along the way; so it was with some reluctance and much cautioning that I left Lal and the Nepalese boy in charge of the two cars and went to my compartment to wash and rest.

I got out at almost every station along the way and assisted the two boys, standing guard over the animals with a good heavy walking stick, which I found it necessary to use on several occasions. Wherever there is a railroad station in India there are many native idlers and loiterers,—shiftless Hindus whose chief emotion seems to be curiosity about the next train. These idlers would crowd around at every stop we made, some of the bolder ones making daring efforts to snip off pieces of the soft horn of my calves. I wielded my cane, bringing a lump to more than one thieving Hindu head, and Lal and the Nepalese boy whaled away with long sticks, yet we had our hands full; and in spite of all our precautions, on the second morning out of Raxaul we found a hole at least an inch square and almost two inches deep gouged

out of the tender young horn of one of the rhinos. Some Hindu, avid for rejuvenation, had carved himself a piece of horn big enough to make a few dozen of the little buttons, which, if diligently sucked, make sexual menaces of the feeble and doddering, and which would add thousands of "YOUNG NATIVE GIRL ATTACKED" headlines to the front pages of the land—if anything like that could possibly be news in India.

The incident seems unimportant at this writing but I don't mind saying that I was furious when I discovered what had happened to the horn of one of my rhinos. I immediately questioned Lal and the Nepalese boy but my investigation yielded nothing. Some Hindu had been too quick for them.

At Athmal Gola on the north bank of the Ganges River, the Bengal and Northwestern Railway terminates. On arriving here I had to charter a boat. I sent Lal and Johereim scouting about for coolies while I entered into negotiations with several Hindu owners of the big clumsy sail boats that ply about this busy section of the Ganges. I succeeded in getting these piratical navigators wrought up against one another to such an extent in their competitive bidding for my cargo that I managed to get the rhinos carried to Mokamaghat at a reasonable figure.

I had telegraphed from Muzufferpur to the station-master at Mokamaghat, requesting that two cars be ready on my arrival there, but we had been so long in arranging for the boat and getting across the Ganges that the cars which had been held for me were used for some other purpose and it was late that night before I was able to get the animals loaded again and headed for Calcutta.

I needn't tell you how happy I was when we finally arrived in Calcutta. I tried to store the animals in a friend's garage in Ballygunge, a suburb of Calcutta, but the building proved too small. He then suggested that I deposit the cages on his front lawn, which I did. The comparative seclusion of the place minimized the problem of driving off natives who were on the lookout for the shining road to those mythical sexual excitements that all Hindus seemed to be seeking. Only a few of the bolder

natives invaded the privacy of that lawn and they were easily chased away.

An amusing record of my rhinos' visit to my friend's place in Ballygunge is to be found in the March 29, 1923, issue of *The Englishman*, a paper published in Calcutta. The story is written in that drowsy, good-natured style that characterizes so much of English colonial journalism. Here it is:

"RHINOS" ON A BALLYGUNGE LAWN

Difficulties of Accommodation

A rhinoceros is all very well in a zoo, but he makes a strange house guest. And when there are two of him, he is even stranger. At least this is the opinion of a certain Calcutta gentleman—his name shall remain a secret lest crowds of his friends should trample down his flower garden in an effort to see his impromptu menagerie—who is entertaining a pair of the horned pachyderms pending their departure by steamer for America.

The rhinoceros are the property of Mr. Frank Buck, the well-known naturalist and wild-animal collector. Mr. Buck secured the animals in Nepal, and took them by bullock cart to Raxaul, and brought them to Calcutta by railway on Monday. As it was impossible to get them shipped for several days, one of Mr. Buck's friends offered to house the "rhinos" in his garage until the time for their departure. The pair was consequently taken to Ballygunge, but the promised garage proved too small to take both. Today, the animals stand on the front lawn of a little white bungalow in Ballygunge, looking out at the world through the bars of their crude wooden Nepalese cages.

One of the animals is a small one, weighing scarcely two tons, but the other is quite well developed. They appeared to be in good health when an *Englishman* reporter called to look at them, although a bit cramped for space. Their appetites are not impaired by the fact that they get no exercise. There are no immediate prospects of their getting any exercise, either, for no one will volunteer to take them for a walk on leash.

Note the discreet use of quotation marks around the word rhinos.

Note also that *The Englishman* gives me credit for heavier calves than I actually had. "One of the animals," they generously said, "is a small one *scarcely weighing two tons*, but the other is quite well developed." The one to which *The English-*

man kindly attributed two tons weighed in reality one ton, while the one they thought "well developed" weighed between one and a quarter and one and a half tons,—good weights for youngsters. (Note—Full-grown Indian rhinos have been known to attain a weight of six tons, which is well in excess of what the average elephant weighs.)

An American ship, the S.S. *Lake Gitano*, bound for Hong Kong, was in port when we reached Calcutta. She was due to sail in a week, which was good news. I arranged for passage for Lal and myself and the rhinos and the many other specimens I was bringing back. I had two fine shipping crates made of heavy teak planks for the rhinos, got my other specimens properly caged and crated for the trip and we sailed from Calcutta on the 30th day of March, 1923, with the rhinos and other specimens as deck cargo.

Heavy seas were encountered in the Bay of Bengal and several times we had to call out the crew during the night to move or lash down the big rhino crates (the new hard-wood cages with their occupants weighed more than three tons together), and also to move and tie up the two full-grown elephants which were carried on one of the aft hatches. The *Gitano* was a small boat, loaded so she was uncomfortably low in the water, and with the sea running heavy we had to be continually on guard. With the ship's decks barely five feet above the water there was constant danger of the decks being awash.

The *Gitano* called in at Penang on the Malay Peninsula and from there I took a train down to Singapore, leaving Lal in charge of the animals. I beat the *Gitano* into Singapore by a full day and on her arrival there had the specimens at the compound moved down to the dock and ready to be loaded, for the ship was to remain at Singapore only a few hours. The trip from here up to Hong Kong was without incident. I had made telegraphic arrangements from Calcutta for shipping out of Hong Kong on the S.S. *President Wilson* and fortunately our boat and the *Wilson* pulled into Hong Kong at the same time.

The two ships made fast on either side of the dock and the

transshipment of my animals was made. As fast as the crates and cages were lowered onto the pier from the *Gitano* they were heaved aboard the *Wilson*.

I had calculated on stowing my cargo on the aft decks of the *President Wilson* but, owing to the fact that this portion of the ship had recently been reconstructed and the aft decks turned into third-class quarters for the carrying of Filipino steerage passengers, the only available space for my cargo was on the forward deck. These big Pacific liners are sufficiently high out of the water so that in ordinary weather this is a safe enough place to carry the stock. While I should have liked a more sheltered section for my specimens, I took without complaint the only space that was available for me. I did manage to find a shelter away up on the hurricane deck for most of my birds, but the elephants were placed on top of number one hatch and the rhinos were set down between the first and second hatches, while the smaller crates containing my anoas, orang-utans and various other animals were stacked up against the forward bulk-head.

By this time I had a right to expect some peace of mind. I had sweated buckets of blood in getting my rhinos to the point where at last they were on the way to America.

I discovered that I weighed twenty pounds less than when I originally set out for Nepal. I was pretty well worn with the task of getting those troublesome Indian rhinos headed for the States, and I felt like easing up a bit.

I didn't get the rest I was looking for. The reason: a typhoon.

All hands were called out. My cages and crates were made fast with canvas coverings. The seas, lashed by murderous winds, mounted higher and higher and finally broke in torrents over the bow.

The captain—that grand old seaman Henry Nelson—issued orders that no one was to go forward. I stood on the bridge and watched mountains of water break over the forward decks. I knew the elephants were safe enough as they had the advantage of the hatch's elevation. The force of the waves, in other words, was broken by the base of the hatch. The smaller stock was

covered with canvas and well lashed against the bulkhead; so I felt reasonably sure that they would stand the storm too.

But I was much concerned about the two huge rhino crates. Though they were well lashed when we first hit the storm, they were taking a terrific pounding, the kind that loosens deck cargo. Once heavy crates of this kind get loose, the tremendous force of the waves may at any moment send them spinning across the deck; and when this sort of cargo does shift it takes everything on the deck with it.

As daylight broke next morning, I was on the bridge scanning the forward deck to see what harm the terrific seas of the night had wrought among my animals. The elephants were trumpeting loudly as they faced the howling wind and the tons of sea water that came rushing over the ship. As a great wave would burst over them, they would brace themselves, leaning forward and taking the full force of the wave on their big, broad foreheads.

At intervals between the huge waves that enveloped the whole forward deck and the salt spray that splashed through the rigging, I could barely see the two rhino crates and it looked from the bridge as though one of them had started to shift. Soon there was a clear moment or two between waves and I could plainly see that part of the lashings on one of the rhino crates had given way and that the crate was shifting a few inches with each lurch of the ship.

The storm had now been in progress for about thirty hours. Captain Nelson was on the bridge where he had remained all night, and where I had joined him. I yelled to him about the shifting of the rhino cages. He couldn't hear a word I was saying. The shriek of the wind and the roar of the giant waves drowned my voice.

Finally, by the process of bellowing in his ear I managed to make myself understood.

"No news to me," he said. "I'm afraid they're gone."

"Gone?" I echoed, stunned. It would be awful to lose those rhinos after the struggle I'd made to get them this far.

"I'm afraid so," the captain replied, roaring in my ear to make himself heard above the terrific din of the wind and sea. "The

next big one that comes over will either smash that crate up against the main mast and break the damned box into a thousand pieces, or crash it against the other crate, loosening that too, and sending them both overboard. What the hell do you care? There's lots more rhinos where those came from, ain't there?"

I liked the captain. He was a great scout and a fine mariner. But his last remark was a heart-breaker. I would have preferred being washed overboard myself to seeing anything like that happen to the animals I had fought so hard to bring back to the United States.

I asked the captain to let me have a sailor to go forward with me and help me re-lash the crate.

"You're crazy," he said. "Do you think I'd order a man out at a time like this?"

Well and good. I'd go anyhow and see what I could accomplish unaided. I had no intention of losing those rhinos without putting up a battle.

I started below. The captain yelled a warning to me: "Don't you go up forward, young feller! The first real wave that hits you will carry you over the side."

But I did go forward. Everything was battened down so I couldn't get onto the forward deck from below, but I went out on the main deck, watched my chances between waves, and climbed hand-over-hand along a wire cable to reach the deck below. By dodging behind ventilators and masts as great masses of water came over the deck with a rush and a bang, I finally reached the rhino cages. They had survived a few more of the punishing waves than the captain thought they could stand but they were wobbling all over the place and in a few more minutes anything might happen.

What an assignment I had given myself! The cage that had started slipping had to be tightened immediately. If it was not made fast it would carry the other cage with it. I would just about get a line made fast around it when a huge wave would strike the ship with a tremendous blow and I would crouch down behind the mast, letting it break the force of the blow, to keep from being washed overboard. In this manner for nearly an hour

I worked in the midst of those towering waves that kept pounding over the deck.

When the cage was at last made fast I was so worn out that I didn't know how I was ever going to scamper back to safety. I managed to drag myself along, however, my joy over the knowledge that my rhinos were safe giving me strength. Watching my chances to get from one shelter to another, exposing myself along the open deck only during the lulls between waves and climbing back hand-over-hand to the main deck and up to the bridge, I found myself once more where my friend the captain stood.

"Good work, Buck," he said. "But I'm damned if I understand it. Risking your neck for a couple of lousy rhinos!"

I was too worn and bedraggled and drenched to make an explanation.

"I'm glad you made it, Buck," he said as he warmly shook my hand. And just as I was about to be overcome by emotion over his delight with the success of my exploit, he added with a grin, "No skipper likes to return to his home port with his log recording a passenger washed overboard. It doesn't look good."

Then he broke into a laugh and banged me on the back. "And now go and get some dry clothes," was his parting shot. "I don't like pneumonia cases either. They're a nuisance."

A few hours later the storm started to die down. Our five or six hours of actual typhoon and over twenty-four of terrific old-fashioned wind-storm had given everyone on board some pretty anxious moments and no one objected in the least when the sea started behaving itself. We didn't have much peace, however, for we ran into two more raging wind-storms, not much less violent than the first, before we finally arrived in San Francisco. All in all, it was one of the toughest voyages I ever made, more than once my resourcefulness being taxed in my efforts to provide adequate protection for my floating zoo.

I cleared my animals through the customs at San Francisco and then shipped them to their various destinations.

Through the good offices of Dr. Hornaday I was able to get special accommodations for the rhinos that brought them east in very fast time.

I'll never forget the joy Dr. Penrose expressed over the success of the expedition.

Nor am I ever likely to forget the events of May 22, 1923. On this day, exactly a year and three weeks after Dr. Hornaday had said to me, "Buck, I'm still hopeful of getting an Indian rhino some day," Dr. Hornaday, Raymond L. Ditmars and I stood by while zoo attendants opened up the front of a huge teak-wood crate and a splendid young rhinoceros walked out of its traveling quarters into its permanent home at the Bronx Zoo in New York. I've often wondered if the visitors to this famous park who stand daily before the rhinoceros paddock realize what it meant in work, risk, worry and expense to place that animal there.

Dr. Penrose and Dr. Hornaday each generously paid me a bonus of \$1,000 in addition to the tentative price of \$7,000 per rhino which we had fixed. This gave me a total of \$16,000 and it wouldn't take much bookkeeping to show that I didn't make any money on the deal. As near as I can figure, I broke even. But I had had a valuable new experience in my chosen field and my prestige as a zoological collector had been greatly increased. I had the two most valuable specimens in the country to my credit, the only Indian rhinos in the whole of America.

Both of these rare animals are in excellent condition today. The New York specimen now weighs about two and a half tons, the one in Philadelphia about two and a quarter tons. They will put on considerable more weight before they attain their full growth.

The New York specimen, the bigger of America's two living examples of Nepal's "natural resources," still bears the mark of the sex-crazy Hindu who gouged out a piece of the horn. As a result of this native's vandalistic bid for rejuvenation (or perhaps he was a dealer who sold little buttons of rhino horn to his virility-seeking brothers), the horn of the New York rhino separated as it grew up and this animal today appears to have a double horn.

Whenever I am in New York and I am lonesome for memories

of one of the most strenuous expeditions of my life (and it's funny how in my field a fellow sometimes longs for living reminders of the hardest of his hard knocks) I go up to the Bronx Zoo and look at the Indian rhino and mentally say something like this, "Hello, you damned nuisance. I love you for all the trouble you caused me."